

# White Cloud

# Kansas Chief.

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## Choice Poetry.

### OH, NO, WE NEVER MENTION HIM.

A NEW TEST IS VERY POPULAR SINCE THE 25TH OF NOVEMBER.

Oh, no, we never mention him,  
His name is never heard;  
For loyal lips decline to speak  
That once familiar word.  
We talk of Lincoln, Sheridan,  
Of Sherman and of Grant;  
But, if there is another name  
Of which the public can't  
He was a very nice young man,  
And promising, you know;  
But then he made a great mistake,  
And found it wouldn't go.

Oh, no, we never mention him;  
His name is never heard,  
Compared to whom, Napoleon  
Was reckoned quite a dwarf.  
His name was great on Strategy;  
And kept an Ananias;  
But when it died, he dug a hole  
And buried it out yonder.  
Away by Chickasaw,  
He was a mighty digger;  
The King of Spades, a Democrat,  
And down upon the nigger.

Oh, no, we never mention him,  
His name is never heard,  
His name is never heard,  
That little word,  
From her to her travel round,  
To learn our regret,  
And smile, and smile again,  
To make us forget.  
We mention Fremont,  
In fact, and Porter, too;  
But never speak of Little—  
Of Little—no one knows him.

Oh, no, we never mention him,  
His name is never heard;  
His name is never heard;  
He got killed by a rebel,  
He's buried in the back,  
And said, "we'll make a President  
Of him—no, I've lost the knack  
Of uttering that little word—  
I cannot get it out;  
And yet, we need to see his name  
There, blundered all about.

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## Select Tale.

### THE OLD WAYSIDE INN.

"Sir, excuse me, but I wish to put you on your guard. I believe we have fallen into a trap of thieves and murderers."

I had been slumbering uneasily for nearly an hour, and had just become thoroughly awakened, when Mr. Leslie entered my room cautiously, and addressed me in this singular manner.

I had that day chanced to fall in with an elderly gentleman, (Mr. Leslie by name,) and his daughter Gertrude, an interesting young lady of nearly eighteen, and as our routes lay in the same direction, we were mutually agreed to accompany each other.

We had stopped at the roadside inn, the accommodation was much more ample than I had supposed possible, from the external appearance of the dwelling; and, much to our satisfaction, we were furnished with separate rooms, though all in the low chamber at the top of the house.

The apartment allotted to myself was a small one, furnished with a handsome bed, with heavy green curtains, a light and a couple of chairs. Everything was in perfect keeping and good order, but the bed was placed against the door, greatly to my astonishment.

"What have you discovered?" I asked, hastily.

He gave me a soiled piece of paper, on which were rudely inscribed these words:

"Jim saw three travellers coming over the old road an hour ago. Probably they will be at your house pretty soon after dark, and you must manage to keep them to-night. Don't try to settle them until I come, which will be about midnight."

Tom Sawyer.

## It wanted just thirty minutes of the hour appointed, and I hastened my steps up stairs.

I visited my own room first, where I found that the convenient fixture I had heard spoken of below, was merely a square hole in the wall, just opposite the pillow, sufficiently large enough to insert the barrel of a moderate sized pistol—a very easy way to relieve a man of his life.

Having made this discovery, I sought Mr. Leslie and his daughter.

"I was about to propose," I said, "that each one of us should keep his own apartment. If we meet them together while Seyton has his loaded pistol at hand, one of us will be sure to get killed. On the contrary, should I manufacture a good counterfeit, as I now propose, to occupy my place for the time being in that rather dangerous bed, and in this manner waste Seyton's shot and throw him off his guard, I am very sure I could gain the mastery in a hand-to-hand struggle in a very few minutes, and then come to your assistance. Does my proposition suit you?"

"Perfectly; and, luckily for your scheme, I wear a wig, which may be of considerable benefit to you in making the counterfeit of which you have spoken. Take it; it is entirely at your disposal."

It took but a very few moments to fill the wig sufficiently with the bed clothes, and arrange it in a favorable position upon the pillow, in front of the little opening. Having done this, I glanced at my watch in the moon-beams. It wanted five minutes to twelve!

The silence was growing oppressive, when at last I saw the curtain move aside a little there was a moment's silence, and then a loud report, and I had resolution enough to bend forward and utter a low, despairing moan, as the report died away. In an instant the door was opened, and the man called Seyton came running in, with his pistol still in his hand. Without the faintest suspicion, he approached the bed; but, meanwhile, I had grasped a long, heavy bar of hard wood, which I presume, by the merest chance, happened to be standing against the wall, near by; and when he had arrived within a convenient distance, I sprang upon him, and with a single well directed blow I laid him sprawling, and I judged instantly, upon the floor.

All this had occupied but a moment, and I was scarcely completed, when I heard the report of another pistol in the direction of the apartment occupied by Mr. Leslie. Without stopping to assure myself further of the effect of the rather severe knock I had given the fallen man, I hastened forward to the assistance of my companion. He was engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with Jim, while our host was lying upon the floor, badly if not dangerously wounded.

Jim was making desperate efforts to draw a knife from his belt, while Mr. Leslie was using his utmost endeavors to prevent it. He was brave and resolute, but I could see his strength was failing rapidly. I did not hesitate to put an immediate stop to the contest, by again calling my club into requisition.

Having firmly secured our host and the fellow Jim with cords, and left Mr. Leslie in charge of his daughter, I returned to the room where I had left Seyton.

He was just recovering from the effects of the blow I had given him, which, as I had supposed, had rendered him insensible for a time, and I was just in season to bind him before he had recovered sufficiently to trouble us still further.

Now, all that remained for me to do was to render our situation quite secure, was to take from our hostess the power to harm us in any way, and I at once started off below for this purpose.

I afterward learned that Mr. Leslie had made his daughter promise, after my departure, to remain quietly in her own apartment until she could venture forth, and stationed himself near the door, with the only pistol he ever carried, in his hand. By some mistake, our host and I did not attack him as soon as the pistol was fired at my counterfeit by Seyton, as was at first intended, but waited a moment. When they did present themselves, he had fired at the one in advance, who happened to be the host, and immediately grappled with the other.

We remained at the old inn the remainder of the night, and gave information to the authorities in the morning.

A BIG STRAW.—A vote was taken, one day last week, in the Sing Sing State prison, all the prisoners voting for "Little Mac," with the exception of one, who said he was an alien. It was proved, on inquiry, that he was a Jew, and would vote for Zebeke Belmont, because "he would give ze most mooish."

In Algeria, an Arab husband fourteen years old, has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment for killing his wife, aged seventeen. The wife was the bigger and used to beat him, and so he cut her throat. They had been married three years.

Several of the commanders of the Federal army are said to have been lawyers. The American civil war appears to be the first in which the troops have been led to action by Attorney-Generals.

New York is fuller than ever of refugees and cowardly Southerners, most of them rebels, but with no stomach for powder and ball.

Cotton having abdicated, Iron is king; but it is not as yet settled whether in plates or balls.

## Miscellaneous.

### ALL FOR MY COUNTRY.

I. "LITTLE MAC."  
Give up "Little Mac" for my country?  
Who, thousands as worthy as he!  
Who fall to march on with their country,  
What loss is there where they may be!  
Our Union as once it was! Never!  
A better far we demand,  
With freedom for all and forever—  
The permanent peace of the land!

II. "PARTY."  
My "party" give up for my country?  
Ay, leap from its platform at last!  
Now plighting allegiance to its country,  
It shames its own deeds in the past.  
Success to rebellion! No, never!  
Too much has its blood-treason cost;  
Oh, snarl it at once and forever,  
Or all we hold precious is lost!

III. "DEMOCRACY."  
"Democracy" yield for my country?  
Ay, that which is only a name!  
To the Democrat true to his country,  
The rights of mankind are the same.  
Crouch again to the whip-lash! No, never!  
The mid-winter, and white-trail, and slave,  
Hereafter will be freemen forever,  
Or hide their defeat in their graves!

"We go for the country, right or wrong?"  
Such was the "Democrat's" war-cry and song,  
When the country was wrong; but now it is right,  
The "Democrat's" will neither sing nor fight.

### A Disreputable Monarch.

The King of Oude is a thorn in the side of the British Government in India. A writer from Calcutta says of him:

"He is a very disreputable example of the retired monarch. His estate at Garden Reach is in a disgraceful state, and the other day some of his dissipated followers sallied out and made an attack upon two or three Europeans who happened to stray into the compound by mistake. The place is a convenient centre of debauchery and licentiousness. The King now owes about a millions sterling, although for ten years past he has been receiving a revenue of £80,000 a year. During the whole of that period he has never moved outside the house but on two occasions, when he went, against his inclination, to the fort. He spends his money on the harems and rare birds, the collection in each department being, it is said, particularly large and varied."

It is a singular fact that the native families increase largely when dethroned, and decrease when reigning. Thus the King of Oude, the Nawab Nazim, and Gholab Mahomed, (all pensioners and semi-state prisoners,) have such multitudes of children that the princes must, necessarily, be paupers in a couple of generations—except in the case of Gholab Mahomed, who, thanks to the liberality of the English Government, is heaping up riches rapidly. On the other hand, all reigning native houses whether Hindoo or Mohammedan, are in perpetual danger of extinction. If it were not for the principle of adoption, which enables the princes to appoint successors, all the native States would lapse to us in the course of a century. This great difference must have its origin in some dark secret of the Rona. No Mohammedan reigning prince has more than one son; the Nizam has no children."

SOLDIERS' RATIONS.—As all are now soldiers, we publish for the public benefit, the following table, showing the army rations as fixed by law. These rations are now issued to our State militia in service:

Soldier's rat.	One day.	Ten days.
Beef,	1 lb. 4 oz.	12 lbs. 8 oz.
Pork,	1 lb. 4 oz.	7 lbs. 8 oz.
Flour,	1 lb. 2 oz.	11 lbs. 4 oz.
Beans,	64-100 gills.	640-100 gills.
Rice,	1 lb. 10 oz.	1 lb.
Coffee,	96-100 oz.	95-100 oz.
Sugar,	192-100 oz.	315-5 oz.
Vinegar,	32-100 gills.	320-100 gills.
Candles,	24-100 oz.	240-100 oz.
Soup,	64-100 oz.	640-100 oz.
Salt,	16 100 gills.	160-100 gills.

IMPORTANT DRAFT DECISION.—It is stated in a Washington Dispatch to the New York Post, that the War Department has decided that a drafted man may furnish a substitute after he has been accepted, and is in camp. When the substitute is accepted, the Government will discharge the drafted man, and permit him to return to his home. This requires official confirmation.

The appointment of Admiral Farragut to the command of the North Atlantic squadron, means business. Wilmington and Fort Darling are of course the objective points of the new naval campaign.

Artemus Ward lectured on the Mormons at Dodsworth's Hall, New York, Monday evening, and was witty in his way, but so indecent that the audience hissed him several times.

"Where's the fire?" asked a Copperhead of a man who was ringing a church bell in honor of a recent victory. "In front, flank and rear of the enemy," was the ready reply.

Southern papers report yellow fever raging at Charleston. It was brought in by a blockade runner. It is also violent at Wilmington and Newbern.

At a circus in Philadelphia the other afternoon the performance was stopped while the funeral procession of a soldier passed by.

A negro boy was put up at auction by his mother in Hudson, N. Y., recently, for a substitute, and bought by a lawyer for \$1,000.

## Graphic Rebel Account of Early's Stampede.

THE LOSS IN ARTILLERY ADMITTED TO HAVE BEEN FIFTY-SEVEN PIECES.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Enquirer.]

New Market, October 21.

Little I thought, ten days ago, when I was writing about our cavalry from this identical place, to which I am now just returned, that one of the greatest stampedes of this war, and a stampede of infantry, too, had yet to take place. It is the most singular affair that one can possibly imagine; a whole day of glory and a few minutes of shame—a splendid beginning and a monstrous end. We swept pickets, hillsides, and breastworks, and formed our lines within the breastworks and camps, with seven pieces of artillery taken before they could fire three rounds, and a running foe before us. This clean sweep was made by Kershaw's division; and that is the way we began our work. The enemy tries to rally on the left, but it is in vain; we push on, and now we hear the firing of other divisions on the right, which come in for their share of it, and gallantly too.

Over hills, stone fences, across broad cleared fields and thick woods, the fighting goes on as regular, as steady, as if it had just begun, and still it is now three o'clock; we have driven the enemy four miles, captured all the camps, with every thing in them, spotted the ground with their dead and wounded, sent to the rear some 1,800 prisoners, captured eighteen pieces of artillery, but the fighting still goes on, although we have stopped driving the enemy, who is by this time pushed back further than Middletown, on a line extending from the left of it.

All this is very well, but pending this time another work goes on that is far, very far, from being quite as good. The number of our men plundering in the camps increase every hour. The provost guard carries off a batch of them to the front, but a large number oozes out from the ground, which they soon cover like one of the seven plagues of Egypt—the locusts I should say. All these men are so confident that the enemy is whipped that they only want to secure their share of the booty. But, alas! war is a game that two can play at. The Yankees bring up a new line at about one hour and a quarter before sundown; they push it to the front, and our left division (Gordon's) gives way. They give way, yes, but that is nothing. God bless them. The best of men must give way sometimes; but why don't they rally, for this is our only trouble and misfortune on that ill-fated 19th of October. But rally they won't. See them go back unconcerned, just as if nothing was the matter. They do not slip back with their muskets poised in their hands as if they were deploying backward as skirmishers. In the meanwhile the Yankees lose no time. It is now their turn to go onward. Kershaw's division now is struck; it gives way, too, in its turn, after having tried hard to stand its ground. Nothing better, nothing better, nothing more noble, as long as it did fight; but now it has given way like Gordon's, and, like Gordon's, it won't rally. Our artillery, in general, did well. They tried to re-establish the fight, and twice made a stand—at such points, too, where they might have had the vantage ground over the Yankees; but there was no rally—no rally of a brigade, no rally of a regiment, no rally of a company; the whole army, confided in a nameless, shapeless mass of men, going back, all the time. The flood increases in depth as we reach the turnpike. The artillery, the ambulances, and wagons, all rattle down at first at a decent rate, at a cool walk, a kind of gentlemanly stampede; but a few shells that come bursting over our heads give us an additional speed. We are running; a turn of the road, a protection from the shells, and we walk again. I never saw or dreamed of a more self-possessed crowd of skedaddlers; they were no more scared, sir, and no more ashamed, than if there had not been a particle of danger or disgrace in their predicament. Finally, an old rotten bridge gives way, there is a dead lock, and artillery, wagons and ambulances are there for the Yankees. They need not strike a lick to have them—all they have to do is to come down the road where they are stuck, and there they are. In that way we lost thirty-nine of our own pieces, besides eighteen that we captured, and God knows how many wagons and ambulances. All those trains might have been saved by a force of two hundred skirmishers, but it could not be got. They were tired; they were played out; they had enough of it—our men!

It is impossible, at present, to give you a fair estimate of our losses in men. Speaking in general, the loss is as small as it can be for a fight from sunrise to sunset, although I know one regiment of one division to have lost twenty officers. We took a large number of prisoners and secured them, whilst we must have lost very few, as we did stampede so timely and finally; so we did, dear sir; and say that we were whipped by our own folly alone, is neither new nor consoling, but it is true.

A STRIKING SENTENCE.—Hon. John Wentworth, in a speech at Rock Island, recently, said that "Judge Taney had been beaten down by the bar of God, to hear his Dead South decision reversed, and the principles of immutable justice affirmed, would without end."

## Useful and Curious.

### How to Build an Ice-House.

Seeing an inquiry in regard to building an ice-house, brought to mind the fact of how few avail themselves of the greatest of all luxuries in hot weather, which is ice. I will now give you a plan of my ice-house, from which any one can build who can use a saw and hammer. It has been built about ten years, and is all sound yet, with the exception of the boards on the inside, which will want to be replaced once in about five or six years.

The size is eight by ten outside, and six feet high. I took two-inch plank, twelve inches wide, for sills and plates, halved together at the corners. I used studs on the inside, and boarded up and down outside. The cracks should be covered with battens, to prevent the air striking the ice. The rafters should be five or six inch stuff, boarded on the inside, and the space filled with either sawdust or refuse tan-bark. The inside should be boarded the other way, to within a foot or so of the plates, which should be left until the space is filled. I place poles or scantling in the bottom, and cover with slabs, which will afford all the drainage necessary. The door should always be on the north side. The cracks in the north gable-end should be left open for the purpose of ventilation. I consider sawdust the best to fill the sides with, but tan-bark, turker's shavings, chaff, or straw, will do.

It is more work to fill an ice-house the first year than it is ever after that. I like snow the best of anything to pack in—always filling the cracks between the cakes as solid as possible. I have taken out snow the last of Summer, just as fresh as when it was put in. The size of this house may be objected to by a family, and also a dairy of twenty cows. I don't believe any dairyman who has had ice to use one year, would be without it for ten times the cost.

One thing more about the house: it should be banked up at the bottom, for any circulation of air through the ice will melt it as fast as water poured through it.—*Cor. Moore's Rural New Yorker.*

### Prevention of Pitting in Small-Pox.

We believe that, by a very simple application, this desirable end has been attained in the clinical wards in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh, Scotland. The application consists of India-rubber in Chloroform, which is painted over the face, (and neck in women,) when the eruption has become fully developed. When the Chloroform has evaporated, which it readily does, there is left a thin, elastic film of India-rubber over the face. This the patient feels to be rather comfortable than otherwise, inasmuch as the disagreeable itching, so generally complained of, is almost entirely removed; and, what is more important, "pitting," once so common, and even now far from rare, is thoroughly prevented wherever the solution has been applied. It may be as well to state that India rubber is far from being soluble in Chloroform, so that, in making the solution, the India rubber must be cut in small pieces, and Chloroform added till it is dissolved. The medical gentleman who has introduced this treatment, has tried several other substances, but found none so generally useful. For instance, gutta-percha was tried. It has the advantage of being very soluble in Chloroform, and would have been a very admirable application, but for the tendency it has to tear into ribbons when the mouth is used, or even when the features play. India-rubber, on the other hand, is pliable and elastic, allowing free use of the mouth, without any danger (as a rule) of its tearing off. If, however, from some cause or other, a portion is torn off, a fresh application of the solution, by means of a large hair pencil, remedies the defect, and the mask is once more complete. Several patients who have had this India-rubber mask applied, concur in stating that they found it agreeable to wear, and their faces were perfectly free from "pitting," although other parts of the body, such as the arms, were covered.

SIMPLE CURE FOR CHOLERA.—We find in the Journal of Health the following simple remedy for this dangerous disease. Those who have passed nights of agony at the bedside of loved children, will treasure it up as a valuable piece of information:

If a child is taken with the cramp, apply cold water—ice water, if possible—suddenly and freely to the neck and chest with a sponge. Soon as possible, let the sufferer drink as much as it can; then wipe it dry, cover it up warm, and soon a quiet slumber will relieve the parent's anxiety, and lead the heart in thankfulness to the Power which has given to the pure, gushing fountain such medical qualities.

A prominent physician in Massachusetts has discovered that a sure preventive of scarlet fever, is the simple wearing of a tarred string around the neck of the person who has been exposed to the disease. He cites cases of his happy effects.

It should be known that a small quantity of vinegar will generally destroy, immediately, any insect that may find its way into the stomach; and a little salad oil will kill any insect that may enter the ear.

## The Fun of the Thing.

### "HOW IS GOLD TO-DAY?"

There was a time, when if we met  
A friend upon the street,  
He talked on common themes—the war,  
The cold, or else the heat,  
And took an interest in one's health;  
That time has passed away—  
Now, no one asks us how we do,  
But, "How is gold to-day?"

These words pervade the atmosphere,  
At weddings, funerals, balls;  
No matter where, upon your ear  
The anxious question falls.  
You go to see the girl you love,  
To drive your carriage away;  
You kiss, and then she sweetly says:  
"Oh! how is gold to-day?"

If gold is up or gold is down,  
What good for me to know?  
There is no jingle in my purse,  
My funds are quite gone;  
And so I hate the endless cry,  
And long to soar away  
To lands of peace, where no one asks:  
"Well, how is gold to-day?"

From Mother Goose's Military History.  
There was a young man of Anstiam,  
Who fought with the rebels, and best 'em;  
He killed them so, he let them all go,  
This obliging young man of Anstiam.

THE OUT-TRAVELLED TRAVELLER.—A traveller came very late for his breakfast, and the meal was hurriedly prepared.

Thompson, feeling that the food was not up to the mark, quite, made all sorts of apologies around the eater, who worked away in silence, never raising his head above the affirmative influence of his fork, or by any act acknowledging the presence of mine host. This sulky demeanor rather vexed the landlord, who changed the range of his battery, stuck his thumbs in his arm-holes, and said:

"Now, Mister, confound me if I haven't made all the apologies necessary, and more, too, considering the breakfast and what gets it; and I tell you I have seen a dirtier, worse-cooked, and a deal of a sight smaller breakfast than this, several times."

The weary, hungry one laid down his tools, swallowed the bits in transitu, and modestly looking up at the fuming landlord, exclaimed:

"Is what you say, true?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, I'll be blamed if you hasn't out-travelled me!"

PUT A HOLE THROUGH IT.—An officer down in Georgia tells the following story: One night, Gen. — was out on the line, and observed a light on the mountain opposite. Thinking it was a signal light of the enemy, he remarked to his artillery officer, that a hole could be easily put through it; whereupon the officer, turning to the Corporal in charge of the gun, said:

"Corporal, do you see that light?"

"Yes, sir."

"Put a hole through it," ordered the Captain.

The Corporal sighted the gun, and when all was ready, he looked up and said:

"Captain, that's the moon."

"Don't care a d—n; put a hole through it!"

Two lawyers in the city of Lowell, returning from Court, the other day, one said to the other:

"I've a notion to join Rev. Mr. —'s church; been debating the matter for some time. What do you think of it?"

"Wouldn't do it," said the other.

"Well, why?"

"Because, it would do you no possible good, while it would be a great injury to the church!"

At a recent railroad dinner, in compliance to the legal fraternity, the toast was given: "An honest lawyer, the noblest work of God;" but an old farmer in the back part of the hall, rather spoiled the effect by adding, in a loud voice, "And about the scarcest."

CONUNDRUM BY AN ESCAPED LUNATIC.—What is the difference between the President's proclamation of freedom and a hair-dye? One emancipates the blacks, and the other blacks the man's pate.

On his return from India, Brown was asked how he liked tiger hunting. "It is very good sport, as long as you hunt the tiger," he replied; "but if hard pressed, he sometimes takes it into his head to hunt you, and then it has its drawbacks."

"When I first married my wife," said a fond husband, "I loved her so, I could have eaten her—and now," he went on, with a sigh, "I wish to Heaven I had!"

"My lord," said the foreman of a Welch jury, when giving in their verdict, "we find that man that stole the mare not guilty."

## For the Farmer.

### Seasonable Hints.

We take the following from the Agriculturist:

HOGS.—Keep clean, well bedded, and sheltered; supply cooked food if possible. Litters of early pigs may now be provided for, allowing for the sow to go about four months with young.

HORSES.—See to it that the stables are well ventilated and light—easily cleaned out and warm. Blanket a horse when he is standing out of the stable, or when he first comes in, and at night; too much blanketing is injurious.

LEAVES furnish an excellent material for manure. Collect all that you can. They answer for bedding, but are a good absorbent of liquids.

MANURES.—Get out much manure to be exposed to the weather in winter, for use next year; collect everything that may increase the supply in the hog pens, stables, barn yard, or compost heaps of manure.

PLOWING.—Fall plowing tells particularly on land which is not well drained, and is late in drying in the spring, also on foul land, and on heavy clays that are ameliorated by the frost.

POTATOES.—Be sure that potatoes in pits in the open ground have good ventilation and drainage, but are well covered. Those in cellars should be dry and cool, but not so cold as apples.

POULTRY in warm, light, clean quarters will, if the hens be well fed, secure plenty of eggs all winter. Food freshly thaws destined for market. Poultry are usually the best just before or after the holidays. Scraps from beef and pork are fattening, are much relished, and induce laying.

ROOTS.—Store in cool cellars after sweating, free from dirt and tops when put in.

SHEEP.—Provide comfortable sheds, give them a good range; if housed, free ventilation and clean quarters, not crowded. Each sheep should have ten or fifteen square feet of surface room, (equivalent to a space two and a half by four feet, or three by five feet for each one); not more than 100 or 150 should be confined in the same room. Turn in the back this month for April lambs, but they do better if dropped in May, in colder localities.

SUGAR SORGHUM.—It bears some frost, but ripens little after the leaves are frozen. Such cane ferments rapidly, and must be worked at once.

TURNIPS AND CARROTS.—Dig before the ground is liable to freeze, and store them after sweating.

WINTER GRAIN.—It is better for it to have too much growth than too little. Never feed off at this late season. Look to the surface drains, that water may not stand in them, and that side hills be not exposed to washing by overflowing.

WOOD FOR FUEL.—Much good fuel may be collected from that which has been broken and blown down, dead trees, etc., both in orchard and forest, as well as from old fences, bridges, etc., which should be replaced with sound stuff.

DO YOUR PLOWING IN THE FALL.—No matter what the crop to be grown, as a general rule, it will pay to plow in the fall, for these important reasons:

1. It insures the destruction of many insects, by turning up their beds to the surface, and exposing them to the frosts of Autumn and Winter.

2. It enables the soil, by the decomposition of otherwise valueless minerals, and by the absorption of fertilizing gases from the air, to reinforce itself for the better production of the crop to be grown.

3. It leaves the land in better condition, as a general thing, than Spring plowing, which, after being done when the soil is wet, renders a heavy and lumpy condition almost inevitable.

4. It saves time, enabling the farmer to do his Spring work when and as it should be done, and thus ensuring better returns for his labor.

This last reason has been illustrated by the failure of many wheat and corn crops, the past season. By the lateness of the plowing, the planting was delayed until so late that the drought prevented germination. One or two weeks earlier planting might have insured a fair crop, and prevented that irregular, spotted appearance, which now marks so many fields.

LANDS, sandy and dry, do not necessarily require Fall-plowing. Indeed, where the soil is very light, and liable to blow off in drifts in the Winter, it would be better to plow in the Spring. Such lands constitute the only exception, however, to the above rule.

SORGHUM FLOUR.—A Georgia paper talks of a sample of sor